to her breast, and covered her with the most passionate kisses and most bitter tears. At length she raised her head and said: "My daughter! it is proper that thou shouldest bid farewell to the king of France, and shouldest beg thy father's blessing. A father's age and a father's blessing too is ever sacred."

The young princess advanced towards the old man who still stood by the table, knelt at his feet, took one of his emaciated hands in her own, gazed fondly in his face, and said, in low faltering accents: "Father, I am your child, your little Catharine; I have come to bid you a long farewell, and to ask you to bless me for the last time."

Charles VI. gazed with astonishment upon the lovely suppliant, whose mourning dress swept the floor while she continued kneeling at his feet. He seemed lost in thought, or about to seek advice from some one near him. At last he started, and said fearfully; "Are you asking for mercy? Well, you are forgiven."

"My God!" exclaimed Catharine, "he does not know me, he has forgotten his child. Father," added she, "I am Catharine, the Queen of England."

"Yes," replied her father, "Queen of England and wife of the Regent of France: for God has put his seal upon my brow, and there has been no king of France for many a long day, and yet I am not dead."

"Father, dear father!" burst from Catharine's lips in such heartstricken accents that even the poor king seemed touched by them. "Do you call me father?" said he. "Yes, you are my child, my pretty, gentle Catharine. But why are you here, what has happened? I am always left alone now, I am very unhappy. But do not tell the queen that you have seen me. Poor child, why do you wear black, who is dead in the royal house of France? Is it your brother Louis, the Dauphin? Ah, he died long since, poison makes quick work. And perhaps," added he in a whisper, stooping over her, "perhaps you do not know that the queen, Isabella, has gathered together many treasures at Blois while the kingdom was plunged in want and misery. Then John must be Dauphin; but no, they told me he too was dead, and no one wears mourning for him but his father. Oh, there has been fearful misery in the house of Valois; but you, daughter, are happy, the bride of England's heroic king." "Alas, alas!" replied the young widow, "he too is dead, and I am of the fated house of Valois. My dream of happiness is over. My fate, to weep away my life in the cold clime of England, and in one sad blow lose father, mother, husband, all that I love. My son they have taken from me; he belongs to England, and a king, they tell me, has no mother."

Charles stooped still lower as he whispered: "It would be a sad thing, methinks, for a daughter of France to be seated on the throne of Lilies, and the Dauphin, her own brother, a proscribed fugitive."

"Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, my father!" exclaimed the young queen, wringing her hands in agony; "I do not deserve your cruel reproaches. I expected pity at your hands. Tell me, does this weeping, wretched suppliant, clad in the livery of wo, look much like a queen of France. Oh father! I am Catharine, your Catharine, whom you used in early days to love so dearly. Oh for one kind look, one kind word, from my father, to cheer my lonely exile. Time is swiftly passing away; look at me, dear father! call back your scattered senses to bless and kiss me for the last time. Do you not know your child?"

"Know you!" replied king Charles slowly; "call back my senses! Oh, now I understand you. You want me to tell you an old and very sad story. Well, there was once a king who chose to reign because he was born king of France. They gave him poison to kill him, but he died not, but reigned happily and gloriously many years. After him came another king, who wished to reign as did his father; but they gave *him* the poison which destroys the mind. He did not die; for men can cure the body, but the mind is of God, and he alone can restore it. The kingdom of France is wrapped up in want and misery, and who cares for that? The king, and the king only. You weep, lady; you think it is an old story; no, no, it occurred but yesterday. Do you know what that poor king was once? The Bienaime; but now his people are weary with misery, and they never speak his name but to curse him. Wo to those monarchs whose misfortunes are counted unto them as feasts. But there are two, two who have a fearful record against them in heaven. Do not say that one of them was Louis of Orleans, for he lies in yonder street weltering in his blood, and God alone can judge the dead. And oh," added he with a fearful shriek, "do not say that the other was Isabel of Bavaria, for she is the queen of France."

The shuddering princess listened with trembling and incredulous astonishment to these horrible ravings, while Isabella stood half concealed by the ample folds of the window-curtain, with bowed head and clasped hands, as if rivetted with horror to the spot on which she stood. The deep and awful silence was broken by approaching footsteps, and suddenly a large black greyhound dashed past Catharine, and rushing up to the king, licked his pale thin hands with every mark of affection. The princess pushed him aside, and endeavored to take her father's hand; but he drew it impatiently away, and clasping his arms around the dog, while his face beamed with delight as on meeting with a dear and valued friend, "My daughter," said he reproachfully, "this is Wolf."

It was time to depart. Isabella of Bavaria raised her from the ground where she had continued kneeling at her father's feet, and arm in arm they walked through the long gallery which communicated with the queen's apartments without exchanging a single word, and shuddering as the caressing accents of the royal maniac and the joyous barking of his dog reached their ears. When the two queens appeared on the threshold, a loud cry was heard of, "the queen, the queen;" which roused the youthful pages and slumbering men at arms from their lethargy. Catharine started as she met the dark and flashing eyes of an armed knight, whose scarlet plume and scarf fluttered in the night wind. Isabella frowned sternly as she noticed the impassioned gaze of the knight, and the deep blushes which covered the pale and beautiful countenance of her daughter.

"What name dost thou bear, sir knight?" she inquired haughtily.

"Owen Tudor is my name, royal lady," answered the knight, gracefully bending his knee to the frowning Isabella. "I come from Wales, and have the honor of commanding the men at arms of my royal mistress, the queen of England."

"Daughter," said the queen, turning carelessly away from the kneeling knight, "have you ever heard the story of Louis of Bois Bourdon, who was a brave knight and true, and held in high estimation by all men?"

"No, no," faltered forth the princess.

"Well, listen to me then, queen of England; when a knight dares to raise his eyes to his sovereign lady, he is guilty of treason. The Seine, my daughter, often bears dead bodies to the very steps of our palace, and when fishermen find such bodies as these caught in their nets bearing the inscription, '*this is the king's justice*,' they cast back their loathsome spoil into the rapid and flowing waters of the Seine."

To be continued.

THE POLYNESIAN.

Vita sine virtute atque eruditione nullius pretii est.

SATURDAY, AUG. 15, 1840.

GLEANINGS FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.—*HAWAII.* No. 4.

July 6.—Thermometer at sunrise 56°, and the day cold. Upon assembling our men, we found them in a state of mutiny—refusing to go farther, and threatening to leave us instanter. Upon examination, the reason was soon discovered; they had devoured all the food furnished for fourteen days in five, averaging 11 lbs. weight to a man daily, besides having stolen most of ours. They were a precious set of rascals from the first; but it must be allowed the fault was somewhat ours, in humoring them too much. After hiring them (when too late to make a change,) we learned that they were government convicts, and we anticipated trouble — but not vile ingratitude from a kanaka, with ten pounds of poi per diem in his belly, and as much fish and beef as he could swallow after. But so it proved; if we had starved and abused them, they would no doubt have been faithful servants. There was no remedy but to give up Mauna Loa, and push directly for Hilo.

The ascent of Mauna Loa was to us an object of great interest, in order to satisfy ourselves of the accuracy of Douglas's account. In his journal he differs much from the statements made by *himself* in a letter to a friend in London. We give the extract as published in his Memoir:—

"*The red-faced man, who cut off the limbs of men and gathered grass*, is still known here; and the people say that he climbed Mauna Loa. No one however, has since done so, until I went up a short while ago.* The journey took me seventeen days. On the summit of this extraordinary mountain is a volcano, nearly twenty-four miles in circumference, and at present in terrific activity. You must not confound this with the one situated on the flanks of Mauna Loa, and spoken of by the missionaries and Lord Byron, and which I visited also. It is difficult to attempt describing such an immense place. The spectator is lost in terror and admiration at beholding an enormous sunken pit, (for it differs from all our notions of volcanos, as possessing cone shaped summits, with terminal openings,) five miles square of which is a lake of liquid fire, in a state of ebullition, sometimes tranquil, at other times rolling its blazing waves with furious agitation, and casting them upwards in columns of from thirty to one hundred and seventy feet high. In places, the hardened lava assumes the form of gothic arches in a colossal building, piled one above an other in terrific magnificence, through and among which the fiery fluid forces its way in a current that proceeds three miles and a quarter pr. hour, or loses itself in fathomless chasms at the bottom of the cauldron. This volcano is one thousand two hundred and seventy-two feet deep; I mean down to the surface of the fire; its chasms and caverns can never be measured. Mauna Loa appears, indeed, more like an elevated table-land than a mountain. It is a high, broad dome, formed by an infinitude of layers of volcanic matter, thrown out from the many mouths of its craters. Vegetation does not exist higher than eleven thousand feet; there is no soil whatever, and no water. The lava is so porous that when the snow melts it disappears a few feet from the verge, the ground drinking it up like a sponge. on the higher parts grow some *Rubus, Fraseria, Vaccinium* and some *Ianci*.

"I visited also the volcano of Kilauea, the lateral volcano of Mauna Loa; it is nearly nine miles round, one thousand one hundred feet deep, and is likewise in a state of terrific activity."—*Hawaiian Spectator, Vol. II, No. 4, pp. 397, 398.*

"The summit of this extraordinary mountain is so flat that from this point no part of the island can be seen, not even the high peaks of Mauna Kea, nor the distant horizon of the sea, though the sky was remarkably clear. It is a horizon of itself, and about seven miles in diameter. Leaving these three behind, and accompanied by only Calipuo, I went on about two miles and a half, when the Great Terminal Volcano or Cone of Mauna Loa burst on my view; all my attempts to scale the black ledge here were ineffectual, as the fissures in the lava were so much concealed, though not protected by the snow, that the undertaking was accompanied with great danger. Most reluctantly was I obliged to return, without being able to measure accurately its extraordinary depth. From this point I walked along upon the brink of the high ledge along the east side, to the hump, so to speak, of the mountain, the point, as seen from Mauna Kea, appears the highest. As I stood on the brink of the ledge, the wind whirled up from the cavity with such furious violence that I could hardly keep my footing within twenty paces of it. The circumference of the black ledge of the nearly circular crater, described as nearly as my circumstances would allow me to ascertain, is six miles and a quarter. The ancient crater has an extent of about twenty-four miles. The depth of the ledge, from the highest part (perpendicular station on the east) by an accurate measurement with a line and plummet, is twelve hundred and seventy feet. It appears to have filled up considerably all round; that part to the north of the circle, seeming to have at no very remote period undergone the most violent activity, not by boiling and overflowing, not by discharging under ground, but by throwing out stones of immense size to the distance of miles around its opening, together with ashes and sand. Terrible chasms exist at the bottom, appearing in some places as if the mountain had been rent to its very roots; no termination can be seen to their depth, even when the eye is aided with a good glass, and the sky is clear of smoke and the sun shining brightly. Fearful indeed must the spectacle have been when this volcano was in a state of activity. The part to the south of the circle, where the outlet of the lava has evidently been, must have enjoyed a long period of repose. Were it not for the dykes on the west end, which show the extent of the ancient cauldron, and the direction of the lava, together with its proximity to the existing volcano, there is little to arrest the eye of the Naturalist over the greater portion of this huge dome, which is a gigantic mass of slag and scoriæ and ashes."—*Haw. Spectator, Vol. II, No. 4, pp. 423, 424.*

* Mr. Goodrich, an American missionary, ascended it previous to this.

Vol. I. No. 2, page 99 of the Hawaiian Spectator, we find a similar account, extracted from his "correspondence," with this addition; "*There is no smoke.*" Yet, page 108, same volume, he says in a letter to a lady in Oahu, "You may pledge my name for saying that the *Great Crater* is on the very summit of Mauna *Kea*, (he probably means Mauna Loa,) at present in an ACTIVE state. It is twenty-seven miles round, and one thousand two hundred and seventy-feet deep." Singular enough that a crater of this extent, and active, should emit no smoke. He also adds here *three* miles to the circumference, which one would think was already sufficiently large at twenty-four miles. He appears also to be singularly unhappy in his mathematical estimates. After giving the summit of this mountain a diameter of seven miles, and calling it a horizon by itself, he walks two and a half miles farther, and discovers a Great Terminal Volcano of twenty-seven miles circumference, or nine in diameter, thus exceeding his previous assertion by four and a half miles. It is rather difficult to conceive how he could measure *accurately*, with a line and plumb the depth of the ledge, when the wind whirled up from its brink with such furious violence, that he could hardly stand "*twenty paces* from it." Even at Kilauea, with half the depth, and to the *eye* a perpendicular pali, one cannot throw a stone so as to reach the black ledge; and this must certainly have been *perfectly perpendicular*, to have allowed a person, setting aside the wind, to have dropped a lead one thousand two hundred and seventy feet, and to distinguish it, when it reached the bottom. In the letter to his London friend, he makes the depth to the surface of the fire one thousand two hundred and seventy-two feet. The heat arising from a lake of liquid fire, five miles square, "in a state of ebullition, rolling its blazing waves," &c. would with most lead and twine have operated as a serious impediment to their arriving at the surface in their original state, though their component parts might reach it with the greatest facility; but physical difficulties, or even impossibilities seemed to have been surmounted by him, with rather more ease than by most mortals. We found the heat exceedingly uncomfortable from the lake at Kilauea, two hundred and fifty feet above, and at least five hundred feet in a direct line from it. Even admitting the truth of these statements, and that he saw and performed all this, how can the fact, of twenty five square miles of "liquid fire," in "furious agitation, and casting upwards columns of from thirty to one hundred and seventy feet high," with a "fiery fluid forcing its way in a current that proceeds three miles and a quarter per hour," and the remainder of this description, be reconciled with the passage in his journal, where he says, "Were it not for the dykes on the west end, which show the extent of the *ancient cauldron*, and the direction of the lava, together with its proximity to the existing volcano, there is but little to attract the eye of the Naturalist over the greater portion of this huge dome, which is a gigantic mass of slag, scoriæ, and ashes." By the "existing volcano," he evidently means Kilauea, as he every where speaks of Mauna Loa as a "huge dome," and certainly a crater of twenty-seven miles in circumference, would be any thing but a small portion of its surface, and in so active a state, it would not only attract Naturalists, but the whole world. The inhabitants of Hawaii would at least find reason to be particularly interested in it, and yet it is totally unknown to them. Did such exist, its light could be seen at the farthest extremity of the group, its fires would shake the island to its centre, while its noises would appal the stoutest heart. Kilauea is considered the largest volcano in the world,* yet in its most active state, it has never shown a tenth part of the superficial extent of liquid fire ascribed to Mauna Loa. Vesuvius, of scarcely a sixth the size of Kilauea, in 472, ejected ashes, (so Procopius states,) that reached Constantinople, a distance of upwards seven hundred miles. These examples serve to give a faint idea of what would be the effects of a volcano so prodigiously surpassing all others, and in a state of "terrific activity."

The preceding extracts show the great inconsistencies Douglas was guilty of, and if we give credence to his journal as the most probable, we are tempted to ask what could

*"I say unparalleled, because having visited most of the European and American volcanoes, I find the greatest of them inferior to Kilauea crater, in intensity, grandeur, and extent or area."—*Haw. Spec. Vol. I.* p. 435. COUNT STRZELEKI.